

USEFUL
MISCELLANIES: 12

CONTAINING,

I. A PREFACE of the Publisher of the Tragi-Comedy of *Joan of Hedington*.

II. The Tragi-Comedy of *Joan of Hedington*,
In Imitation of *Shakespear*.

III. Some Account of HORACE his Behaviour during his Stay at *Trinity-College*, in *Cambridge*. With an ODE to Entreat his Departure thence; Together with a Copy of his Medal, taken out of *Trinity-College Buttery*, by a Well-Wisher to that SOCIETY.

PART I

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the Two *Temple-Gates*. 1712.

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U.S. 100

MISCELLANIES

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THE
P U B L I S H E R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



T is many Years since, that this Tragi-Comedy of *Joan of Hedington* came to my Hands, when the Truth of the Facts were fresh in Memory; however, it is hoped that Time has so far buried some of them in Oblivion, that now it may seem a Fable, and that a Murder, like that of Hanging up of *Joan*, would never be attempted to be committed by a Person of Breeding, in so polite a Town as that of *Hedington*.

I have been credibly inform'd, that soon after its Composition the Parts were given out to several ingenious Persons for Action, but that Design fail'd, because some Decorations for the Stage were wanting, and the Musick between the Acts, which was to have been very long, was not fully perfected; I have had Information likewise that the Prologue was not written by the Author, or rather Authors of the Play, but by a Person of Good

Elocution and Graceful Presence, who was to have spoke it; and would by his Delivery have equall'd *Roscius, Allen, Burbage* or *Batterton*.

The Prologues of the Ancients were Introductory to the Play, and seldom pretended to Wit, but gave an Account of the Author of it, and whether it were of his own Composure, or a Translation; and insisted most upon Entreaties for the Good-Nature, Attention and Silence of their Audience.

Date Operam, & cum silentio animadvertite

Ut pernoscat is quid sibi Eunuchus velit,

Be studious, and silently give Attention,

That you may fully know what the Eunuch means,

is the Conclusion of the Prologue to that Celebrated Play of *Terence*, which gain'd the repeated Applause of *Rome*. And to the same Purpose, though in more Words, is the Conclusion of the Prologue to *Phormio*, only in the latter he complains that one of their Plays, which was *Hecyra*, was not suffer'd to be acted, by reason of the Disturbance and Noise of the Spectators.

Date operam, adeste aequo animo per silentium;

Ne simili utamur fortunâ, atque usi sumus,

Cum per tumultum noster grex motus a loco est,

Quem Actoris virtus nobis restituit Locum,

Bonitasque vostra adjutans, atque equanimitas.

The Prologues of all the Plays of *Terence* seem to have been written by the Actors, at least not to have exceeded their Capacity. In that of *Hecyra*
the

the Principal Actor, *Lucius Ambivius Turpio*, upon his own Account intreats their Silence, that he might be encourag'd to study New Parts, and purchase fresh Copies for their Diversion.

*Mea causa causam hanc accipite & date silentium,
Ut lubeat scribere aliis, mihiq; ut discere
Novas expediat posthac, pretio emptas meo.*

The Epilogues of the Ancients were of a more concise Nature than their Prologues, and came up even to a *Lacedæmonian* Brevity. *Thais*, and *Bacchis*, or *Mysis* and *Phrygia*, the Ladies or Chamber-Maids of those Times, were not forced to change their Cloaths, and after the Play come to regale the Audience with an Epilogue not becoming the Modesty of their Sex; Nor did *Lucius Ambivius Turpio*, or *Lucius Attylius Prænestinus*, presume to Huff and Threaten their Audience, and to throw Lightning and Thunder amongst them, as has been done in these latter Ages, and been very judiciously reflected on by Mr. *Bays* in his *Rehearsal*. The Epilogues of Three Comedies of *Terence*, the *Eunuchus*, the *Heautontimorëumenos* and *Phormio*, proceed to no farther an Extent than that of these four words, *Vos Valetè & Plaudite*; Farewell and Clap: But that of *Hecyra* curtails this Exuberance, and is content with two, *Vos Plaudite*; and those of *Andria* and *Adelphi* condescend so far as to have only one, viz. *Plaudite*, Clap.

The Prologues and Epilogues of our Antient *English* Poets were probably of the like Composition, though some of them were made by the Authors themselves, but most ran upon the same

Subject. I shall proceed no farther at present upon this Point, because I design a compleat Dissertation concerning all the Prologues and Epilogues that have come to my Hands, and shew the Pristine Simplicity of them, and the Licentiousness that has daily crept in upon them in succeeding Ages.

I have been assured that one of the Authors of this Tragi-Comedy used often to lay before him the Prologue of *Ben. Johnson* to his most applauded Play, called, *The Fox*, which does not yield to any Comedy of any other Nation whatsoever, for the Justness of Thought, Propriety of Expression, and the True Painting of the Characters, and may be said to be the most excellent as to the Variety of Incidents, the several Catastrophe's, and the compleat working up of the whole Design. The Peice is what I have thought fitting to lay before the Reader, it being remarkable for the Number of the Verse and the Quaintness of the Expression.

The PROLOGUE to the *FOX* of
Ben. Johnson.

NOW, Luck God send us, and a little Wit
Will serve, to make our PLAY hit ;

(According to the Palates of the Season)

Here is Rhime, not empty of Reason :

This we were bid to credit, from our Poet,

Whose true scope, if you would know it,

In all his Poems, still, hath been this measure,

To mix Profit with your Pleasure ;

And not as some (whose Throats their Envy failing)

Cry hoarsely, All he writes, is Railing :

And,

*And, when his PLAYS come forth, think they can flout
them,*

With saying, He was a Year about them.

To these there needs no Lie, but this his Creature,

Which was, two Months since, no Feature ;

And, though he dares give them five Lives to mend it,

'Tis known, five Weeks fully penn'd it :

From his own hand, without a Co-adjutor,

Novice, Journeyman, or Tutor.

Yet, thus much I can give you, as a Token

Of his PLAY's worth, No Eggs are broken ;

Nor quaking Custards with fierce Teeth affrighted,

Wherewith your Ront are so delighted ;

Nor hales he in a Gull, old Ends reciting,

To stop Gapps in his loose Writing ;

With such a deal of monstrous, and forc'd Action :

As might make Bethlem a Faction :

Nor made he his PLAY, for Jests, stoln from each Table

But makes Jests to fit his Fable.

And, so presents quick Comedy, refined,

As best Criticks have designed,

The Laws of Time, Place, Person he observeth,

From no needful Rule he swerveth.

All Gall, and Copprass, from his Ink, he draineth,

Only, a little Salt remaineth ;

Wherewith, he'll rub your Cheeks, till (red with Laughter)

They shall look fresh, a Week after.

*In my Opinion the most remarkable Passages in
this Prologue may be apply'd to the Tragi-comedy*

of *Joan of Hedington*. For, in the first place, if a Poet takes care to mix *Profit with Pleasure*, and endeavours that his *Rhime be not empty of Reason*, a little *Wit* will make his Play *hit*, and gain it a deserv'd Success. In this Performance the main Design is to promote an Universal Good, by exposing of Vice, and shewing the Dangers it leads Persons into, either of loss of Limbs or Life it self; and when Virtue is the chief Aim, all good People will be *pleased* to see the contrary to it disregarded: And since the Diction is easie and proper, there is no occasion for Points, Punns, Quibbles, old Jests, or forced Expressions, since our present Age, like that of *Augustus*, is more inclinable to relish the Natural Beauties of *Terence*, than the mean Pretensions to Wit that were used by *Plautus*, and afterwards exploded by *Horace*. The Prologue goes on, that it was objected to the Author of the *Fox*, That *all he wrote was Railing*, whereas indeed he *drained all Gall from his Ink, and left only a little Salt*. So if Persons will do irregular Actions, it is not a Lampoon to tell them of it, and reprove them with some Smartness; and this is so far from Reflection, that it shews the Irregularities of a very few are discountenanced by a larger part, and ought at least to shame those decaying Members into a Compliance with better Examples. When the Prologue says, the Author was not above five Weeks about his Play; Something might likewise be said of this, that the working it up did not cost so much Time as the Birth of an Elephant, or the Production of the famous Oration of *Isocrates*. Lastly, the Prologue takes no ice

The

*The Laws of Time, Place, Persons he observeth,
From no needful Rule he swerveth.*

And in this Poem it may be remarked, that notwithstanding the Shortness of it, yet it still keeps up to the *Rule of Horace*.

*Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior Actus
Fabula, qua posci vult & spectata reponi.*

Which is,

*The Play which you design should often please,
Must have five Acts, and neither more or less.*

Mr. Creech's Translation of the *Art of Poetry*.

Then as to the *Time* of the Action, I have seen none (except the Adventures of five Hours, and some few Tragedies in Imitation of the *French*) that can come near it; for the whole Space of Time does not seem in probability to be of greater extent than that of Master Church-warden's fetching up of the Cows, and his Wife's milking of them. The Place for the Performance of the Action is comprehended in the small Vicinage of *Hedington*, in which Street every Body sees every Body, and every Body knows every Thing; there is no running from thence to *Cowley*, so to *Hinksey*, and then back to *Marston*, as we have Parallel Instances in most of *Shakespeare's* Tragedies. Then for the Manners of the Persons, they are entirely carried on throughout, Mother *Harris* and Mother *Franklin* don't talk like Mr. *Cole*, neither do Father *Clarkenwel*, or Mr. *Atson*, approach the Spirit of Mr. *Pindar*; for, as *Horace* has it,

Nec

*Nec sic enitur Tragico differre Coloni,
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, & audax
 Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;
 An Custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.*

Which Verses are admirably improved by Mr. Creech, who indeed has been a second *Horace*, if not a superior Genius to him, and had done greater Wonders if he had receiv'd the Lights which have been given since his Decease to that Author, and lately communicated to the Publick.

*They must not make all Persons talk alike,
 The City Valet, and the Country Dick;
 The Chamber-maid grown impudently bold,
 When she has robb'd the Lecher of his Gold:
 The Downright Farmer, and the Dowdy Sot,
 Or else the brisk Companion o'er his Pot.*

Here are great Notices of the Significancy of the *Latin* Tongue, not to be found in any Commentator, except Mr. Creech.

Davus is to signifie a *City Valet* and a *Country Dick*.

Simo signifies a careful Father who would hinder his Son from following ill Courses; and a Lecher that will suffer himself to be robb'd by a Chamber-maid.

But *Silenus* is a Person that can appear under different Capacities, as that of a *Downright Farmer*, a *Dowdy Sot*, and a *Brisk Companion*.

But before the Reader can know whether the Persons in the Play preserve their Characters, it may not be improper to let him see who are principally concerned in the Action. *Dra-*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MR. *Pindar*, a young Gentleman, and a great Disputant, who had made a Progress in Moral Philosophy, and has a Notion of Friendship, as an Heroic Virtue, and therefore is very faithful to Mr. *Cole*; but he has no great Insight into Casuistical Divinity, which makes him undertake a Murder to pleasure his Friend.

Mr. *Cole*, a West-country Gentleman, who is of an Amorous Temper, and very easie Nature, as appears by the Indulgence he shews to Mrs. *Frances*, and the Tendernefs he bears to her Mother.

Father *Clerkenwell* and Mr. *Atson*, two North-Country brawny Fellows, very powerful at their Ale and Tobacco.

The *Church-warden*, a confiderate discreet Person, and very compassionate, though something negligent in not having presented the Enormities of the Persons living in his Parish.

Persons mentioned.

Mr. *Warburton*, a deceas'd Lover of Mrs. *Frances Harris*.

Mr. *Hopman*, a fictitious Name.

Crendon, a famous Bag-piper, not admitted.

W O M E N.

Mother *Shephard*, a prudent Person in her way of selling Ale, virtuously inclin'd, but suffering her Customers to run into Excess out of Hopes of her own Advantage.

Mother

Mother *Franklin*, a Person that concerns her self with little but the Offices of her Function, which are Brewing and Bottling of Ale, and at the same time very Neighbourly.

Joan of Hedington, a Country Woman, and an ancient Parishioner in *Hedington*, of a Calling which though discommendable, yet has been made use of in all Ages; she seems Spirituous, and, if her Employment would suffer her, nor disinclinable to Virtuous Counsels, at least she despises the more vile Practises of others of the same Profession.

Mother *Harris*, one of the same Calling with *Joan*, who though she pretends to more Gentility, yet has not the same Plainness and Sincerity as the former.

Mrs. *Frances Harris*, a Jilt.

S C E N E *Hedington.*

Time of Action from bringing up Mr. Churchwarden's Cows, to the end of Milking them.

I must confess, that I have been something negligent as to the Chronology of the Play, and the Year when the Tragical Attempt was made upon *Joan of Hedington*; but a Learned Person may easily compute it, for it was two Years after the Blazing Star, and four Months, seven Days, twenty Minutes, and fifteen Seconds, after the great Cudgel-playing at *Cowley Wake*, which is the Olympiad of that Country, where *John Pasmore of Hedington* won the Hat and Feather; and when this is settled it will be easie to find the Names of the Church-wardens; but whether

ther the Church-warden here mention'd were the Upper or the Lower one, will remain a Difficulty for Criticks to determine, which I should be proud to do, if I had a convenient Opportunity.

I have no certain Account what became of Mr. *Pindar*; but if the Rashness of his Attempt were not alleviated by the Impatiency of his Friendship, according to Poetical Justice, he should not go unpunished. Mr. *Cole* had no other than honourable Designs, and having afterwards married Mrs. *Frances Harris*, retired into the Country, where they passed their Time easily with a moderate Fortune.

As for *Clerkenwell* and *Atson*, in probability they would go Southward; for as they were good-for-nothing Persons, so neither is it of much Concern what became of them.

Mother *Shepherd* and Mother *Franklin* continued many Years in their Honest Calling, and one of them may be alive still; for I have not as yet any account of their Epitaphs, which I generally collect from all Parishes once in ten Years.

Joan of Hedington, whether by the Bruises she might have receiv'd in the Struggle she made for the last Efforts of Life, (as will appear in the Play when she was tied to the Beam by *Pindar*) or by the Concern she might have for the Affront she had received, after having lived so long in the Neighbourhood, or being agitated by the *Furies*, ran Distracted, and in that violent Condition disclosed the secret Transactions of her Life; but undoubtedly what she then delivered was like a Sick Woman's Dream, inconsistent with

with it self, incoherent in its Parts, and a mixture of some grounds of Truth, veiled with a Cloud of fabulous Inventions, raised from an irregular Imagination : So that no great Observation could be made from what she said. However, it gave occasion to a Poem call'd *Joanna Furens*, which being a Rhapsody of *Latin* and *English*, came but to few Hands, and has since perished.

Having been already longer than I at first designed, I shall make my Remarks upon the Play much shorter than I would have done otherwise.

Revenge and Friendship are two great Bases upon which a Play may be Built, and they apparently have the Predominance in this Interlude. The Provocation, the Injury, the Thirst after *Revenge*, and the Accomplishment of it, and that by the help of *Friendship*, run through the whole Contexture.

The Drama is open'd by Mother *Shepherd* and Mr. *Church-Warden*, two grave Persons, as is that of the *Adelphi* in *Terence*.

*Senes qui primi venient, hi partem aperient
In agendo partem ostendent.*

Mitio and *Demea*, the two Brothers, were in the first Scene to display their own Characters, and to continue them throughout, so Mrs. *Shepherd* in the first Scene declares her dislike to Vice, and having been an exact Observer of the whole Transaction, concludes the Play with a very remarkable and useful Piece of Morality.

It has been objected to this Play, that the Scene between Mother *Harris* and *Joan* of *Hedington* has too much Freedom of Language, which they are pleased to term Scolding ; but to this it may be answer'd, that both of them preserve their Characters, for Ill Words will follow Ill Deeds ; and it may be further said, that in the Tragedies of the Antients, both *Greek* and *Latin*, there are Examples of greater Intemperance in Speech, Scolding Imprecations and Ill Language ; and that these Persons speak more like Princesses than *Medea* or *Hecuba*. In *Terence* his *Andria* the Scolding Scene between *Mysis* and *Davus* is the most Artificial of all that Comedy, which tho' not the Wittiest, is esteemed one of the most nicely wrought Pieces of that Author. The whole Turn of the Play depends upon it, and *Davus* commends himself for it in these Words,

Paululum interesse censes, ex animo omnia

Ut fert Natura facias, an de Industria.

Scolding must be Scolding, and there are no other Words it can be put into but those of Nature. *Joan* and Mother *Harris* had their Nails to fight with, but it would have been ridiculous to have introduced them with their Helmets and Launces, like *Joan* of *Arc*, or the *Amazonian Hippolita*.

It has likewise been objected, that *Joan* of *Hedington*'s Calling not being commendable in its own Nature, the Author ought not to have made her justify her self so far as to say, she *had been honest in her Calling* ; but for this there is an Example in the *Adelphi* of *Terence*, where *Sannio* after

after his Confession that he was *Perjur'd, the
Plague and common Destruction of Youth,*

*Leno sum, fateor, Pernicies communis adolescentium
Perjurus, Pestis.*

proceeds afterwards to say,

At ita ut usquam fide fuit quisquam optima.

*that he had the best Credit of any one that had
ever followed that Employment.*

It has been further said, that the Soliloquy of *Joan of Hedington* in the second Scene of the first Act, and her Expressions in the second Scene of the third Act, are too lofty for her Character; but this Criticism will wholly vanish, when these Lines of *Horace's Art of Poetry* are thoroughly consider'd, and it will be allowed that Comedy upon occasion may admit of elevated Expressions.

Verfibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult

Indignatur enim privatis ac prope socco

Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.

Interdum tamen es Vocem Comædia tollit

Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.

Hor. de Art. Poetica.

Which is thus Translated by Mr. Creech, with his usual Improvement and Brightness.

A Comick Story hates a Tragick Style,

Bombast spoils Humour, and distorts a Smile.

And Tragical Thyestes' barb'rous Feast

Scorns mean and common Words, and hates a Jest:

Let every Subject have what fits it best:

}
}
}

To

*Yet Comedy may be allow'd to rise,
And rattle in a Passion or Surprise.*

I hope it will give no Offence, that Mr. Cole, Act 2. Scene 1. amongst the terrible things which he supposes to be at *Shotover*, declares that he should not be frighted if *Camels* were there, whereas a Camel is an innocent harmless Creature; but it must be considered, that the Notion that he had rais'd to himself of a Camel was impress'd upon his Imagination from the Sight he had had of them in old Tapestry Hangings, and might therefore think they had a Physical Terribility equal to their Bulk. But I must refrain, and omit the Defence of particular Expressions, various Readings, &c. and beg the Reader's kind Acceptance of these Endeavours, as being, &c.

ERRATA to the foregoing Pages.

PAGE 5. line 16. for *Attylius* read *Attilius*. p. 8. l. ult. r. notice.
p. 10. l. 1. for *enitar* r. *enitar*. for *Coloni* r. *Colori*. p. 12. l. 9.
for *nor* r. *not*. l. 10. for *Counsels* r. *Courses*. p. 13. l. 16. for *for* r.
but. p. 16. l. 11. for *es* r. &c.

B

THE



THE
TRAGI-COMEDY
OF
Joan of Hedington.

SCENE *Hedington.*
In Imitation of SHAKESPEAR.

The PROLOGUE.

G Allants, we here present you with a Play,
The Product of a Country Holiday.
*'Tis usual now with Prologues to be Witty,
But we are not; good Faith, the more the Pity!
Our Play won't make ye Laugh, nor make ye Cry,
For 'tis a perfect Tragi-comedy.
We have no hopes for this our homely Treat,
But that for being short you'll think it sweet.*

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Hedington.*

In Imitation of Shakespear.

SCENE *the High Street in Hedington.*

Enter Mother Shephard and the Church-warden.

Mother Shephard.



INDEED, Mr *Church-warden*, as I was saying before, this same *Jean* of *Hedington* is a naughty Woman.

Church-warden. I cannot help it, Neighbour.

Mother Shephard. She does not keep a Civil House, and is a Disgrace to the Town, for Gentlemen dare not come to my House to drink, for fear they should be thought to go to *Jean's*.

Church-w. Have you good Ale, Mother?

Mother Shephard. Yes that I have marry.

Church-w. Why then People will come for all *Joan*, I warrant you. But I must go fetch up the Cows. Ha! Here are Gentlemen a coming.

Mother Shephard. He! A Pox on them. They are going to *Franklin's*. However, I have got some good North-Country Customers still; and here are two of them coming.

S C E N E II.

Enter Father Clerkenwell and Mr. Atson.

Mother Shephard. You are very welcom Masters, I am glad to see you.

Father Clerkenwell. Have you got good ripe Ale, Mother?

Mother Shephard. Yes indeed, Sir, but I have but a little.

Atson. How much?

Mother Shephard. A dozen and a half.

Father Clerkenwell. What's that between us two? But come let's go in. Wash the Two-Quart Mug, for I am a-dry; two of them may quench my Thirst a little for the present. Stay, give us a Quarter of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *the High Street.*

Enter Joan of Hedington and Mother Harris.

Joan Hedington. MARRY come up, you are so proud with your *
black Bag. *Mother*

* N. B. *Joan wore a Hat, and Mother Harris a Hood.*

Mother Harris. Well, 'twas none of your Monny paid for't.

Joan Hedington. But your Daughter's did. You are so proud of that Minks, and think to spoil my Custom—But I would have you to know that I am sounder than e'er a *Harris* of you all.

Mother Harris. You sounder! I'd have you to know I scorn to let such pitiful Rogues come into my House as you have to do with.

Joan Hedington. I'd have you to know I have as good Customers come to my House as any Woman in *Hedington*, no Disgrace to you, *Goody Harris*.

Mother Harris. Sure you might have had a Mistress under your Girdle when you spoke to me, *Hussey*.

Joan Hedington. *Hussey* me no *Hussey*, Mrs. *Slop-dawdry*. I'll pull your black Bag for you: I am a better Woman than your self, I have been an old Parishioner here, and gone to Church, and all the Town know I have been honest in my Calling; and to be abused by such a Gossip as you, that are come to put off your Pocky Ware in our Parish!

Mother Harris. No more Pocky Ware than your self.

Joan Hedington. You lye, you Whore, I'll tear your Eyes out.

[*Fall a fighting, Joan beats Mother Harris off the Stage, calling her Whore and Bitch, the other crying.*]

SCENE II. *The High-street.*

Joan of Hedington sola.

Let's view the mighty Act which I have done:
The thing is worthy *Joan of Hedington*.

I that have favour'd Youngsters many a Score, }
 Was ne'er affronted at this Rate before }
 By such an Upstart, Tawdry, Pocky Whore; }
 She from the *Maggotty Pie* away was sent,
 Because she had not Trade to pay her Rent.
 At *Hinksey* then they would not let her stay,
 Because she kept a Bawdy-house, they say;
 But now I think I have given the Whore her due.
 Shall I be huffed by a Bitch like you!
 No, I have beat her, and the Drab is gone, }
 I will reign Mistress of this Place alone, }
 And be the Topping Dame of *Hedington*. }
 But I think I had best go home and drink a Dram
 of Brandy. [Exit Joan.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Mother Harris's House.*

Enter Mother Harris, Frank Harris, and Mr. Cole.

Frank Harris. **T**HIS is intolerable, that my
 Mother should be abused by
 such a Drab as *Joan of Hedington*, I'll be re-
 venged whatever it costs me.

[Mother Harris groans.]

Mr. Cole. Alas, my Dear, torment thy self no
 more,

And you, dear Mother, cease to Sob and Groan,
 For let me never more be happy made
 By the Enjoyment of my lovely *Frances*,
 If I don't satisfy your dire Revenge.

Mother Harris. Ay Mr. Cole, nothing could
 oblige me and my Daughter more, than if you
 would revenge me on that Witch. *Frank*

Frank Harris. Ay, do my Dear, study how to revenge my Mother of that Witch; you're a Scholar, can't you Conjure?

[*Cole walks about Musing.*]

Mr. Cole. I'll break her Windows; Windows she has none,

And then her Lattice is not worth the breaking.
I'll go and drink her Brandy, and not pay her;
But not to pay for't would be Ungentile,
And I can ne'er be guilty of a thing that does
not favour of a Gentleman.

But stay, I have a Friendship with a certain Man,
Cunning and close, and trusty to his Friend,
Pindar, my Eyes Delight, my other Self;
He promis'd me that Disputations done
He'd take a Walk, and meet me at this Place.
Oh for his coming now when most I want him!
He'll find a speedy Way to my Revenge,
And gratifie my Mother and my Mistress.
Two Heads are always wiser far than One,
And when to mine his Counsels shall be joyn'd,
We'll plague this Saucy *Joan*, with Force united.
I believe, Mrs. *Frances*, 'twould do your Mother
good to drink some of this warm Flip.

Mother Harris. I can't drink Flip, if 'twas
Flip of Gold, till I'm reveng'd.

Frank Harris. Dear Mr. *Cole*, help my Mother but in this one Business, and I'll love you
better than ever I did Mr. *Warborton*.

Mr. Cole. Blessing attend you for this last Expression.

O what a vast Reward is this you promise!
Thy Love, for which I many a time would die,
Is to be gain'd now upon Easie Terms.

Were *Joan* on t'other side of *Shotover*,

And all the Way stuck full of Bears and Lyons;
 Were Snakes and Camels there, and living Toads,
 I'd fetch her tho' six Giants stood to guard her.
 This I could do alone with single Strength,
 But when I shall have *Pindar's* Force and Council
 I'd dare——Indeed what would I not dare then.

Mother Harris. I think you must carry me
 to the Bed, to lie down a little.

Frank Harris. Pray Mother stay a little, here's
Crendon the Bagpiper.

Mother Harris. Musick encreases Melancholy
 Thoughts :
 But brings no Ease to Minds oppress'd with Grief.
 [*They carry her off.*]

S C E N E II. *Joan's House.*

Enter Father Clerkenwell and Atson.

Father Clerkenwell. Here Who is within
 here! give me a Quartern of Brandy.

Atson. And me another. *Joan*, we must go
 up the *Stone Stairs*.

Joan Hedington. Hold, two Words to a
 Bargain, you owe me a Groat for last Time.

Father Clerkenwell. *Joan*, where's your Helper?

Joan Hedington. She is gone a Hay-making.

Father Clerkenwell. Well then, I will go to
Mother Harris.

Joan Hedington. Rather than that I will do
 any thing,
 Wipe off old Scores, and let you run on new ;
 I freely do forgive the Groat you owe me,
 But mention not, oh, speak not any more
 That odious, filthy, pocky Name of *Harris* ;
 For

For when I hear it once, my curdled Blood
Chills at my Heart, and trembles in my Veins.
Be'nt so unkind, dear *Clerky*, to go thither;
I vow you make me weep with your Unkindness.

Father Clerkenwell. I be'nt unkind *Joany*, I
vow you make me cry too. I wo'nt go *Joany*,
I wo'nt.

Atson. No, he shan't go. Come let's all three
go up Stairs, and be Friends, and bid your Hus-
band burn us a Pint of Brandy. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Field adjacent to Mother Harris
her House.*

Enter Mr. Pindar and Mr. Cole.

Mr. Pindar. I Tell you Friend, from hence-
forth be at Ease,

The Lovely *Frances* soon shall be your own,
And *Mother Harris* have her wish'd Revenge.

Mr. Cole. Thou best of Friends, let me em-
brace thee close;
Let's both away and perfect thy Design.

Mr. Pindar. Hold, you must stay behind; I'll
act alone,

To shew how much *Pindar* will do for *Cole*.

You in my Absence comfort up your Mother,
Put Sugar in her Ale, 'twill ease her Grief;
And you and gentle *Frances* search the Henroost,
That when I bring home News of your Revenge,
With a large Dish you Lovers may be ready
In Eggs and Bacon to proclaim my Welcome.
But hold, I want a Rope.

Mr. Cole. Here's one lies ready.

Mr. Pin-

Mr. Pindar. 'Tis well, Good-buy. [*Exeunt.*

Mr. Cole. Now you propitious Stars be Guides
to *Pindar*,

For never Man so freely undertook
To serve his Friend in such a Dangerous Moment.

SCENE II. *Mother Harris's Parlour.*

*Enter Frank Harris leading Mother Harris,
and Mr. Cole.*

Mother Harris. Lord *Mr. Cole*, that sugar'd
Ale was very good, I did not care if we had the
other Flaggon.

Enter Mrs. Franklin.

Mrs. Franklin. I'm sorry to see you so ill, *Mrs. Harris*; that same *Joan's* a sawcy Hussy, she
beat me one Day too.

Mr. Cole. Ah *Mrs. Franklin*, this is kindly
done, to come to comfort us in our Distress.

Mother Franklin. I am willing to do any
Neighbourly Kindness; Lord forsooth you are
black and blue, you must put on some wet
Brown Paper.

Mr. Cole. [*Aside to Frank Harris.*] This
Mrs. Franklin is a very good Woman, she under-
stands Chirurgery I see. Will you please to walk
in and Drink, *Mrs. Franklin*? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Joan's House.*

Joan of Hedington, and Mr. Pindar.

Joan. I'M glad they are gone, they were two
I' twirling Fellows.

Enter

Enter Mr. Cole.

Mr. Cole. How do you do, Joan?

Joan Hedington. Pretty well Sir; tho' I must beg your Pardon, I don't remember your Name.

Mr. Cole. I believe not. I was never here before. But Mr. Hepman, of Crispy, recommended me to you for a Gill of Brandy, and a Firk or two up the Stone Stairs, little Joan,—— up the Stone Stairs, little Joan.

Joan Hedington. Will you please, Sir, to have your Brandy before you go up, or burn'd against you come down?

Mr. Cole. Against I come down, little Joan.

SCENE II. Joan's Chamber.

Mr. Cole and Joan of Hedington.

Pind. solus.] I'll do it, and yet methinks my Heart relents.

Why should I murder her that never hurt me?
Not me indeed, but sure my Friend is me;
And since this Joan has dar'd to be so bold
To injure Cole, she must have injur'd Pindar.
Hence then Compassion, and all tender Thoughts,
For Mother Harris soon shall be reveng'd,
And by this Hand of mine.

Enter Joan.

My Dear, come sit down upon the Bed little Joany.

[As she is going to sit down he tosses the
Noose of the Rope over her Head.

Joan Hedington. What's this for?

Mr. Cole. No hurt, little Joan! no hurt!

[He pullsthe Noose, andties her up to the Beam.

'Tis

'Tis done, and now I'll instantly to *Cole*,
And bring him joyful News of his Revenge. [*Ex.*]

SCENE III. *Mother Shephard's House.*

Mother Shephard, and the Church-warden.

Church-warden. Lord, Mother, have you heard the News?

Mother Shephard. No not I, what News?

Church-warden. Why, there's such a Clutter about *Joan's* Door, you'd admire at it; poor *Joan* has been almost hang'd. A Scholar came and tied her up to a Beam in her Chamber, and if her Husband had not come and cut her down, she had been hanged by this time.

Mother Shephard. Well, I always said she would come to a bad End; 'tis but what she deserves for being such a Whore.

Church-warden. Well, I'm glad the poor Woman is not hanged for all that.

Mother Shephard. Women whose Honour should be still their Guide,
When once they give it up, and go aside,
Into a numerous Maze of Mischiefs run,
As may be seen by *Joan of Hedington*.

EPILOGUE.

OUR Play is done, and if it chance to please,
We shall be mighty glad, and much at Ease;
But if it shou'd not please you, *Sirs!* what then?
Why our young Poet ne'er will write again,
For he's as Proud and Surly as old Ben. }

SOME

S O M E

A C C O U N T

Of HORACE his Behaviour during his Stay at *Trinity-College*, in *Cambridge*. With an ODE to Entreat his Departure thence; Together with a Copy of his Medal, taken out of *Trinity-College Buttery*, by a Well-Wisher to that SOCIETY.



HAVING had some Intimacy with *Horace*, and likewise an Acquaintance with several of the Fellows of *Trinity-College*, I have been so Curious as to collect some Particulars concerning his Stay and Behaviour at that Place, where he lay indeed, and Eat and Drank at the Master's Lodge; but his Apartment was magnificently fitted up, and his Entertainment profusely provided for, at the Cost of the Fellows and Scholars. He declared often, that his Mind had presaged to him that he should come into *Great Britain*, from the very time that he wrote the Thirty fifth Ode of his First Book to *Fortune*, where he implores her to preserve *Cæsar* in his Journey and Voyage to *Britain*.

O Diva, Gratum qua regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos, &c.

Great Goddess, Antium's Guardian Power,
Whose Force is strong and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest Place;
Or with a wondrous Fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral, &c.

Mr. Creech.

Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, & Juvenum recens
Examen, Æois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.

Preserve

*Preserve Great Caesar, Caesar leads
To distant Britain, guide his Fate,
And keep the Glory of our State,
The Youth that must infect
With Arms the haughty Medes,
And scatter Fears and Slavery through the East.*

Mr. Creech.

And he actually Prophesied concerning his coming into *Britain* in the Fourth Ode of his Third Book, where he declares he would undertake that Voyage by the Help of the *Muses*, though he was naturally afraid of the Sea, and a great Coward, according to his own Character.

*Utrumque mecum vos eritis, libens
Insanientem navita Bosphorum
Tentabo, & arentes arenas
Littoris Assyrii Viator.
Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et latum equino sanguine Concanum.
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.*

*Whilst you my feeble Ship shall guide
I'll singly stem the proudest Tide,
I'll Travel through the farthest East,
Where never Mortal Foot hath prest;
Britain's inhospitable Flood
And Thracians pleas'd with Horses Blood,
On Scythian Sands I'll boldly tread,
And stoutly see the quiver'd Mede.*

Mr. Creech.

But in short it seems *Horace* would go any where for good Entertainment, and, as their ill Fate would have it, came to *Trinity-College* to exercise their Hospitality, which he has done to some purpose, as will appear hereafter. Whilst he was at *Rome*, he familiarly told *Albius Tibullus* in the fourth Epistle of his first Book.

*Me pinguem & nitidum bene curata cute vises,
Quem ridere voles Epicuri de Grege Porcum.
Then come and see me now grown plump and fine,
When you would laugh at one of Epicurus' Swine.*

Mr. Creech.

He is much improved since that time, and is become *Totus Teres atque Rotundus*, as Round as a Bowl, or the Hoop of a Teirce of Claret; so that when the Fellows saw this Black unwieldy Outlandish Pig come into their
Kitchen.

Kitchen-Garden (which the College Cooks used to have for Pot-herbs, Sallads, &c. but has since been forcibly dispos'd of [by the Master] by taking the Key and giving it to one of the Fellows, expressly against the Consent of the Seniors, (See Remarks upon a Letter, by Mr. Miller, Fellow of Trinity-College, p. 69.) they might apprehend in the very worst Sense of the Proverb, that a Hog was got into their Pease; for he ravaged them like an Irish Cocherer, who never departs as long as he can find a single Potato.

When he first came, he cried out against Merchants for importing Wine, and drinking out of Plate, and gave in his Bill of Fare very sparingly; some Chicory, Mallows to loosen his Body, and now and then a few Olives, were all that he desired, and would often repeat these Verses of the Thirty first Ode of his First Book.

——— *dives & aureis*
Mercator exsiccat culullis
Vina Syra reparata merce,
Diis carus ipsis; quippe ter & quater
Anno revisens aquor Atlanticum
Impune; me pascunt oliva,
Me cichorea leveſque malva.

——— *The Merchant now come ſafe to Land*
In Golden Goblets quaffs the Wine;

His Syrian Wares and Voyage gain'd.

He chiefeſt darling of the Gods,

For twice a Year he plows the Main,

He rides the proud Atlantick Floods,

And yet makes ſafe Returns again.

Me Chicory and Olives feed;

Me looſning Mallows nobly feaſt;

They give what Nature's Wants can need,

And kindly fill the eaſie Gueſt,

Mr. Creech.

But ſoon afterwards he ſhews himſelf not to be ſo eaſie a Gueſt, and declares himſelf for *Banquers, Nos Convivia*, for Rummaging, Careleſſneſs and Debauchery.

Nos convivia, nos praelia Virginum
ſectis in juvenes unguibus acrim
Cantamus, vacui ſive quod urimur,
Non prater ſolium leves.

Ode 6. l. 1.

*I sing soft Boys and Virgins Wars,
How soon they smile, how angry soon,
With close par'd Nails and tender Tooth
They all invade the ruffling Youth;
Thus urge my Frolick on,
And bid Farewell, a long Farewell to Cares.*

Then there was nothing to be heard of from him, but

*Hang Sorrow, cast away Care,
The College is bound to find us :
For you and I and all must die,
And leave the World behind us.*

Or else, as Mr. Creech has paraphrased upon the Ninth Ode of the first Book, in the true Strain of a Ballad.

*All Cares and Fears are fond and vain,
Fly vexing Thoughts of Dark to-Morrow,
What Chance scores up count perfect Gain,
And banish Business, banish Sorrow.*

And then *Horace* would repeat twenty Songs to the same purpose, which appear in his Works, and are translated by his admired Friend Mr. Creech; for during his Stay in College, he gain'd some smattering in the *English*, and being informed that Mr. Creech, who had translated his Works, was the same Person who had translated *Lucretius*, he had a great Veneration for him, for having, as far as in him lay, propagated the *Epicurean* Principles. For *Horace* had always a Bent to that Philosophy rather than any other, notwithstanding his pretended Recantation which he published in the Thirty fourth Ode of his First Book.

*Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientia
Consultus erro: nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos. ———*

*I that but seldom did adore,
I that no God but Pleasure knew,
Whilst mad Philosophy did blind,
And Epicurus fool'd my Mind,
Must keep that impious Course no more,
But turn my Sails and Steer a-new.*

He pretended to have been converted by a Clap of Thunder, or perhaps took the Advice of a Grave Person,

son, (See Remarks upon a Letter, by Mr. Miller, Fellow of Trinity College, p. 141.) whose Maxim it is, *that a Man should have the face of Religion, for it would do him service in the World.* But I never heard that Horace, whilst in College, kept Chapel (ibid.) himself, but that he has hindered other Persons from minding Divinity, which should have been their proper Study, rather than to find out *Que's*, and *Atque's*, and *Vel's*, and *Nec's*, and *Neque's*, at the Expence of a thousand Pounds a Year and upwards, designed for much better Uses than to correct an old *Latin Song-Book*, not to say worse of it, notwithstanding all the Graces and Beauties of its Language.

During his Stay he took every Opportunity to recommend Drinking and Pleasure. Was it Spring time, that was most proper.

Solvitur acris Hyems grata vice Veris & Favoni:

Trahuntque siccas machina carinas.

At neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,

Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Ode 4. L. 1.

And therefore, as Mr. Creech says, he advises his Friend to live merrily.

Sharp Winter melts, Favonius spreads his Wing,

A pleasing Change, and bears the Spring:

Dry Ships drawn down from Stocks now plow the Main,

And spread their greedy Sails again:

Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clown delight,

And Fields have lost their hoary White.

For according to this Author the Spring makes him Thirsty, and he attributes his Desire of Liquor more to the Season, than his own Inclination.

Jam Veris Comites qua mare temperant,

Impellunt anima lintea Thracia:

Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt

Hyberna nive turgidi, &c.

Adduxere tim tempora Calibus Virgili:

Sed pressum calibus ducere Liberum

Si gestis, juvenum Nobilium cliens

Nardo vina merebere.

Ode 12. L. 4.

The soft Companions of the Spring,

The gentle Thracian Gales,

Spread o'er the Earth their flowry Wing,

And swell the greedy Merchant's Sails:

*The Streams not swoln with melted Snow
In fair Meanders play,
To quiet Seas they smoothly flow,
And gently eat their easie way, &c.*

*The Season, Virgil, brings us Thirst;
And if you Mirth design
With noble Youths, bring Ointment first,
And I'll provide thee racy Wine.*

Mr. Creech.

But Winter was the Season he most delighted in, which was the time for Jollity, not only for Profuseness in Drink but in Firing, *Vetustis extruat Lignis focum, Epod. 2.* then the Fire was to be built high with dry and blazing Logs, and then he us'd to stir up his Friends to Mirth, with his thirteenth *Epode*.

*Horrida Tempestas Cælum contraxit & imbres
Nivesque deducunt Fovem, &c.*

The latter part of which has been since translated into that Common, but Cheerful Song,

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil Achilles,

Which concludes to this Purpose,

*But all the while you lie before the Town
Drink, and drive Care away, Drink and be Merry,
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry.*

And amidst his plenteous Cups, he would still be commanding to lay on more Fire. *Whose there!* Bring Coals, Billets, Turf, Sedge, Charcoal, (vide Remarks, p. 168.) any thing, but don't let us Starve; and then he would break out into these Words of the Ninth *Ode* of his First Book,

*Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum,
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes: geluque
Frigora consliterint acuto?*

*Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens: atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
Oh Thaliarche, merum diota.*

*See how the Hills are white with Snow,
The Seas are rough, the Woods are tost,
The Trees beneath their Burthen bow,
And purling Streams are bound in Frost.*

Dissolve

*Dissolve the Cold with noble Wine,
Dear Friend, and make a rousing Fire;
'Gainst Cold without and Care within
Let both with equal Force conspire.*

Mr. Creech.

One of *Horace's* Qualities was, that he never wanted to go Home, but would keep up his Company till Sun-rising, as he tells us in the Twenty First Ode of his Third Book.

*Vivaque producent lucerna
Dum rediens fugat astra Phæbus.*

The Reader must pardon the want of a Translation to these Verses, because Mr. Creech tells us in his Preface, That some Principles he had made him Cautious of some Odes, and that he had past by three more upon a different Account. I cannot tell upon what Account; but this Ode happened to be so Unfortunate as to be one of them.

Although he pretended to be no Newsmonger or Politician, nor to concern himself how the War was managed, or who paid Taxes, so he enjoy'd his Ease and Pleasure;

Quid Bellicosus Cantaber, aut Scythæ, &c. Ode 11. L. 2.
*What fierce Cantabrians, what the Scythians dare,
Make, Friend, no Object of thy Care, &c.*

yet he was a Religious Observer of all publick Rejoycings for any Victory; he never fail'd to be the most zealous Assistant at a Gawdy or a Bonfire. At such Times he used to be the Ring-leader of his Companions, and this was generally the Beginning and Burthen of his Song.

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus: nunc saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar decorum
Tempus erat dapibus Sodales.* Ode 37. L. 1.

*Now, now, 'tis time to Dance and Play,
And Drink, and Frolick all the Day;
'Tis time, my Friends, to banish Care;
And Costly Feasts
With thankful Hearts prepare
In hallow'd Shrines, and make the Gods your Guests.*

It seems he was more peculiarly accustomed to observe the first of *March*, for many Years together.

*Martiis Calebs quid agam Kalendis,
Quid velint flores, & acerra Thuris
Plena, miraris, &c.*

Ode 8. L. 3.

*What I, a Batchelor, intend,
My Learned Lord, and Noble Friend,
In Mars his Calends, you admire,
What mean those Flowers that crown my Head,
The Coals on Green-Turf Altars laid,
Where in small Censors thankfull Sweets expire.*

Mr. Creech.

And then he was so modest as to ask *Mecenas* to lay aside Thoughts of Publick Business:

*Negligens ne qua populus laboret,
Parce Privatus nimium cavere.*

*Neglect the various Turns of State,
The Sports of Chance, or Nods of Fate:*

And to desire him to Drink a hundred Cups to his Health, and sit up till Day-light, which was but a moderate Request for so great a Man to do for such a Friend.

*Sume Macenas Cyathus amici
Sospitis centum: & vigiles lucernas
Profer in Lucem.*

*Let watching Tapers chase the Night,
And rising Morn restore the Light.*

Horace was resolved to keep up the good Custom in *England*, though it was after something a different way from what he used to do at *Rome*: A Friend of his coming into his Chamber on the *Kalends of March*, which is more generally known by the Title of *St. David's-day*, found him very Complaisant to the Season; instead of his Vessel of *old Wine*, he was very plentifully provided with a Crag of *Welsh Ale*; instead of the *Flowers that used to Crown his Head*, he had got a prodiously over-grown Leek in his Hat, and the *Thankful Sweets* were much more Satisfactorily supply'd, with the Odour of a dozen of warm Crusts and a whole Cheese toasting before the Fire.

He was of a flattering Temper, and there was no trusting to him, or any Person that belong'd to him; he that promises over-much is sure to perform nothing. At one time no Person was so great with him as

Mecenas,

Mecenas, as we see by the Seventeenth Ode of his second Book, where he takes an horrible Oath, that he will assuredly die the same Day with *Mecenas*, and that nothing should part them, not even the breath of the Fire-spitting *Chimera*, nor the force of the Hundred-banded *Gyas*; but there was nothing of all this (as well as some other things) to be depended on.

As he grew daily more unwieldy, so he fell into the Dutch Faction, and was extremely pleased with a Book I had then by me, but is since lost, which was an Edition of his Odes and Epodes, in a fair Character, with a Translation on the other side into Dutch Prose. It might be very Elegant for ought I know, being not much conversant in that Language; all that I can remember of it is

O Nata mecum Consule Manlio.

Ode 21. L. 3.

Whan Mijn Heer Manlius Bourgour-Maester waes.

I fancy it might not be improper for *Horace* to take a Journey to *Amsterdam*, to see what Improvements he can make of himself in *Holland*. In the mean time there was a prodigious and unusual Consumption of Bread, Ale and Firing in the Lodge, so that the Fellows made a publick Complaint. They thought they were not obliged to pay for *Horace's* Maintenance, whilst he was recruiting himself with some few Emendations of his Work; they alledged, ' That if
' any Benefactor, Farmer, or outlying Officer of the
' College be invited to the Table of the Master, Major-Fellows, or Scholars, the College is to bear the
' Charge; but if the Master, or any Member of the
' College, invite any else, he must pay the College
' the Value of the Dinner or Supper. Remarks upon a Letter, by Mr. Miller, p. 164.

The Entertainment of such a Guest as *Horace* ran the College to great Expence, and the Master to great Extravagancy in his Demands from the Fellows.

Mr. Miller in his Remarks on the Letter says, ' I
' will insert but one Account of what the Master has
' taken, besides his statutable Allowances, and that in
' the compass of one Year, though he was absent about
' half the Time.

From

From the Senior Burfar.							
	l.	s.	d.		l.	s.	d.
Coals	63	12	00	Small Beer	45	00	00
Commencem. Money	06	13	04	Bread	59	07	00
Westminst. Election	05	00	00	Flower	09	00	00
Chamber Rent	24	00	00	Bran	01	10	04
From the Junior Burfar.				Dove-House	05	00	00
Extraordinaries	47	10	08	From the Steward.			
Master's Gardner	02	00	00	Linnen, about	12	00	00
Billets	17	02	00	Audit Exceedings	04	00	00
Turf and Sedge	14	09	09	Brawn	03	10	00
Charcoal	15	00	00	Chandler	10	00	00
From the Pandoxator.				Extra Commons	41	12	00
Ale	62	16	00	Servants Com. more than Statute.	22	04	00

‘ On the whole, this one Year, besides his Statute-
 ‘ Table, Allowances and Dividend, he took 454 *l.*
 ‘ 6*s.* 1*d.* for One Farthing of which there is no
 ‘ Colour of Statute.

‘ And there are six or seven of those *Items*, which,
 ‘ for any thing I can find, are Original Encroachments
 ‘ of his own; and the rest he has enlarged to the
 ‘ degree of Amazement; How much Bread &c. he
 ‘ had in reference to the whole College, and as much
 ‘ as two other Colleges in the University; and how
 ‘ much in comparison to former Masters, is reserv’d
 ‘ to the Evidence on the Articles; one single Article,
 ‘ that of his Fire, which amounts to 110 *l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*
 ‘ is so much, that scarce any Nobleman in *England*,
 ‘ I believe no Archbishop, spent the like in the time;
 ‘ this Fuel must be sold, or otherwise embezled, for
 ‘ if he had kept a continual Fire in every Chimney of
 ‘ his Lodge all that time, it could not have consumed
 ‘ so much.

The same Author goes on to shew, (pag. 170. 171.)
 how much the Master exceeded the Account of *De*
Mouniague in the following Particulars for several
 Years.

Senior Burfar's Books.				Junior Burfar's Books.					
Anno		l.	s.	d.		l.	s.	d.	
1707	For Coals for the Lodge.	77	14	08	1708	Billets for the Lodge.	17	02	00
1708	— — —	63	06	08	Turf and Sedge	14	09	09	
1709	— — —	76	10	00	Billets for both Affizes	03	00	00	
				Pigeon					

	l.	s.	d.		l.	s.	d.
Pigeon Meat.	03	01	02	Bread	59	06	00
1709 Billets for the } Lodge.	09	00	00	Sm. Beer Bar. 100.	45	00	00
Turf and Sedge	15	07	00	Ale Craggs 314.	62	16	00
Billets for both Affizes	01	10	00	1709 Flower, 133 } Bush. 1 Peck. }			
Pigeon Meat	05	03	05	Bread	33	06	00
Pandoxator's Office,				Sm. Beer Bar. 101.	45	09	00
1708 Flower 22 Bush.	09	00	00	Ale Craggs 38	07	12	00

It may seem very extraordinary that One single Person should in a Year expend 284 l. 6 s. 1 d. in Bread, Beer and Firing; but I think I have abundantly justified the Master, in shewing that he had a *Guest* who was able to consume that and much more; but then it was for the Credit of the Society, that they once entertained a Person of that Eminence, and it will redound to their Immortal Honour, not only in *Great Britain*, but throughout all *Europe*. However, the Young *Ladds*, as they will be Gibing and Scoffing at their Betters, would often Accost *Horace* with these Lines of his own, at the End of the Second Epistle of his Second Book, telling him, that Gaiety was more proper for their Youth, than his Age, and therefore desired him to *Rusticate* himself, and Retreat to his own Sty,

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentius aetas.*

These Verses not being Translated by Mr. *Creech*, whose Translation may likewise be deficient in other Particulars, I shall present the Reader with a Paraphrase of these Lines, and a Medal of *Horace* in his present Bulk and Proportion.

Advice to *HORACE* to take his Leave of *Trinity-College* in *CAMBRIDGE*.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge plaid the Fool,
Take back your Criticising Stuff
To Epicurus' School.

But

But in Excuse of this You'll say,
 You're so unwieldy grown,
 That if amongst that Herd you lay,
 You scarcely should be known.

How many butter'd Crusts you've tost,
 Into your Weem so Big
 That you're more like (at College Cost)
 A Porpus than a Pigg.

But you from Head to Foot are Brawn,
 And from Side to Side,
 You measure (were a Circle drawn)
 No longer than you're wide.



Then blefs me, Sir. How many Craggs
 You've drank of Potent Ale!
 No wonder if the Belly swaggs,
 That's Rival to a Whale.
 E'en let the Fellows take the rest,
 They've had a Jolly Taster,
 But no great Likelyhood to Feast
 'Twixt Horace and the Master.

I shall give a farther Account of the Proceedings
 of *Horace*, which perhaps may discover some Points
 of Learning that have hitherto lain secret. In the
 mean time I entreat the Reader to accept of these,

From, &c.

F I N I S.

MVSEVM
 BRITAN

